

# THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS.

By Gaillard & Desportes.]

WINNSBORO, S. C., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

[VOL. III.—NO. 8.]

## THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS:

BY GAILLARD AND DESPORTES.

### RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

"THE NEWS" is published on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at \$6.00 per annum, invariably in advance. Single copies ten cents.

### ADVERTISING RATES:

Ordinary advertisements, occupying not more than ten lines, (one square,) will be inserted in "THE NEWS," at \$1.00 for the first insertion and seventy-five cents for each subsequent publication.

Larger advertisements, when no contract is made, will be charged in exact proportion.

Contracts will be made in accordance with the following schedule:

1 column 1 mo. \$ 20.	1 column 6 mo. \$ 75.
1 " 1 " 30.	1 " 6 " 100.
1 " 1 " 45.	1 " 6 " 120.
1 " 3 " 45.	1 " 1 year 100.
1 " 3 " 60.	1 " 1 " 120.
1 " 3 " 75.	1 " 1 " 200.

Contracts will also be made for smaller spaces and for all periods over a month.

For announcing a candidate to any office of profit, honor or trust \$10.00.

Marriage, Obituary Notices, &c., will be charged the same as advertisements.

## THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

Have you heard, have you heard, of that sun-bright clime,

Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time, Where age has no power o'er the fadeless form

Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame, Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

A river of water gushes there, Mid flowers of beauty so strangely fair, A thousand wings are hovering o'er The hazzling waves, and the golden shore, That are seen in that sun-light clime.

Millions of forms all clothed in light, In garments of beauty clean and white, They dwell in their own immortal bowers, Mid the golden hues, and countless flowers, That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

Ear hath not heard, nor eye hath seen Their swelling songs and the changeless scene,

Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl O'er the Jasper walls, and the gates of pearl.

That are fixed in the sun-bright clime.

But far, far away is that sun-bright clime, Undimmed by sorrows, unhurt by time, There amid all things that for us were given

The home of the just, and its name is Heaven,

That's the name of that sun-bright clime.

## Another Speech from President Johnson.

A delegation from Montana Territory waited upon, and made an address to the President on Wednesday morning, and received a reply in the following language, which has the ring of the true metal. Mr. Johnson has evidently made up his mind to adhere to his position that the South is in the Union. He said:

GENTLEMEN: It is no ordinary pleasure for me to meet you here on this occasion, and to hear the sentiments you have announced. To receive so large and respectable a body of intelligent gentlemen from that remote region of the country is highly gratifying to me. In response, sir, (addressing Mr. Pinney,) to the eloquent manner in which you have expressed the sentiments and feelings of those whom you represent on that occasion, I might content myself with simply returning my thanks for your kind expressions; but you have made some allusions, to which, under the circumstances that surround us, I cannot be indifferent. You have alluded to the great principles of our Government having been enunciated by me in a paper sent but a short time since to the Congress of the United States. The declaration by me of these principles was not the result of impulse. It was the result of a thorough and calm consideration of those great truths which lie at the foundation of all free Governments. Those who understand those truths and have laid them down as their guide cannot fail to understand the doctrines enunciated in that message. It is not necessary to inquire whether they emanated from this man or that man. Those who understand and believe in these principles, no matter from what standpoint they look at them, will find themselves involuntarily, and perceptibly it may be, but surely, coming together in all great struggles that may take place in regard to them; while those who disclaim them, who repudiate them, and set them at naught, will be found disintegrating and traveling in a divergent direction. For this reason there may be many now coming together without any

previous concert or arrangement, but imperceptibly, because they agree on these great principles.

I think, gentlemen, there is no one who can mistake the great cardinal principles that are laid down in that message. They comprehend and embrace the principles upon which this Government rests, and upon which, to be successful, it must be administered. I care not by what name the party administering the Government may be denominated—the Union party, the Republican party, the Democratic party, the American party, or what not—no party can administer the Government successfully unless it is administered upon the great principles laid down in that paper. You would meet with about the same success in attempting to carry on the Government upon any other principles than those which are found in the Constitution, as you would if you should take hold of piece of machinery that had been constructed and trained to run harmoniously in one direction, and attempt, by reverse action, to run in the opposite direction.

I say, again, that no one can mistake the doctrines of that message. It is very easy for persons to misrepresent it, and to make assertions that this, that or the other has taken place, or will take place; but I think I may be permitted to say to you on this occasion that, taking all my antecedents, going back to my advent in public life, and continuing down to the present time, the great cardinal principles set forth in that paper have been my constant and unwavering guide. After having gone so far, it is too late for me to turn and take a different direction. They will be my guide from this time onward, and those who understand them may know where I shall always be found when principle is involved. Here let me say to you, in order to disabuse the public mind as far as it is possible for an individual to do so, that my public career is well nigh done. The sand of my political glass has well nigh run out.

If I were disposed to refer to myself, I might trace my career back to the log cabin; then an alderman and a mayor in a village; then through both branches of the State Legislature; then for ten consecutive years in the National House of Representatives; then through the gubernatorial Chair to the Senate of the United States; then Provisional Governor, with a slight participation in military affairs; then Vice-President, and now in the position, I occupy before you. And now, in this position, if I be instrumental in restoring the Government of the United States; restoring to their true position in the Union those States whose relations to the National Government have, for a time, been interrupted by one of the most gigantic rebellions that ever occurred in the world, so that we can proclaim once more that we are a united people, I shall feel that the measure of my ambition has been filled, to overflowing. And at that point, if there be any who are envious or jealous of my honor and position, I shall be prepared to make them as polite a bow as I know how, and thank them to take the place I have occupied, for my mission will have been fulfilled. In saying this, in performance of my duty and in response to the encouragement you have given me, I feel that I am in a condition not to be arrogant; not to feel imperious or supercilious. I feel that I can afford to do right, and so feeling, God being willing, I intend to do right; and as far as in me lies, I intend to administer this Government upon the principles that lie at the foundation of it.

I can inform all aspirants who are trying to form their combinations for the future, who want to make one organization for one purpose and another, that they are not in my way I am not a candidate for any position, and hence, I repeat, I can afford to do right; and, being in that condition, I will do right. I make this announcement for the purpose of letting all know that my work is to restore the Government, not to make combinations with reference to any future candidacy for the Presidency of the United States.

I have reached the topmost round; my race is run, so far as that is concerned. My object is to perform my duty, and that I will endeavor to do. Let us, then, all join in this great work of restoration; and while we are restoring and repairing the breaches that have been made, let us unite in the work of making new States, and populating them with a people who are worthy of the

Government which protects them. And let those new State Governments be founded on principles in harmony with the general machinery devised by our fathers. So far as regards any aid or assistance that can be given here in the progress and in the consummation of this great work of building up new States, as well as on the restoration of all the former States, you will find me a willing and a cordial helper.

## A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN FLORIDA.

The most heart-rending occurrence we have ever been called upon to chronicle, says a Georgia paper, took place at Monticello, on the 9th ult. A young lady of education and refinement has been gradually losing her mind. On Tuesday night, at about ten o'clock, she retired to her room. An hour later, a youth who was boarding in the same house having occasion to pass by the lady's door, heard her offering up to the Throne of Grace an unusual fervent prayer; and pausing to listen, imagined he smelt burning rags. Immediately notifying the gentleman of the house, the family rushed to the door of the young lady's room, and being unable to affect an entrance, burst the door open; when, oh! horror of horrors! there sat the maniac in the centre of a feather bed enveloped in the flames, while, with hands clasped together, she petitioned the God of heaven and earth. Upon entering the room the rescuers heard a voice, in tones of rapture, issue from the flames: "Oh! ain't this glorious! Ain't I a martyr!" The fire was promptly extinguished, when it was found the poor lady must have been burning for some time; for from her waist down every vestige of clothing was destroyed, notwithstanding she was dressed in heavy woollen fabrics, and had on a broadcloth cloak. The character of clothing she wore was all that protected the upper portion of her body. The flesh upon the lower portion of her body and limbs was actually baked brown, and notwithstanding, we are assured she did not appear to suffer pain. She was conveyed to her home, and by this time doubtless has passed to that land where the weary find rest. From all the circumstances attending this truly lamentable tragedy, it is evident the unfortunate maniac premeditated her own destruction. She moved all her clothing from her own home, destroyed her ambrotypes and letters, and, after all was ready, set fire to her clothing, (hanging in a wardrobe in her room), and then deliberately igniting herself, jumped into bed.

## BILL ARP.—The Crockett (Texas) Quid Nunc says of Bill Arp:

"Bill is an old friend of ours, we having known him years ago when he was connected with the Rome (Ga.) Grubber. B. A. is Judge Chas. H. Smith, of Rome, Ga., formerly law partner of Hon. J. W. H. Underwood, before the war a member of Congress from the Rome District. He was a Judge of the Inferior Court of Floyd county several years ago. The best part of the thing is, there is a real genuine Bill Arp, a ferryman on the Etowah, near Rome, from whom Judge Smith got his start as B. A. The real Bill is about as good *viva voce* as the fictitious Bill is on paper."

## ONLY A COBBLER.—Dr. Carey, while at dinner one day with the governor-general of India, heard an officer ask if Dr. Carey had once been a shoemaker.

"No sir" replied Carey, "only a cobbler." That was a brave reply. Few men who rise from small beginnings to prosperity, have either sense or courage enough to glory in their early poverty. I have known boys to be ashamed of their business because it was humble. Foolish shame! I would rather be an honest cobbler than a dishonest merchant. Nay, I would rather be an honest rag-picker than a wicked king. Character, my children, not business, makes the noble boy a man.

A young lady recently remarked that she could not understand "what her brother Geo. Henry saw in the girls that he liked them so well; and that for her part, she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls." And there's a good many girls just like her.

## A Noble Revenge.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine one. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow, no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brow hair laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the chair, and as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed down the cheeks on which no childish bloom ever lingered. "O! it was pitiful to hear him cry 'only once, let me see my mother, only once!'"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes flashed, his lips sprang apart; a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with his most unchildish accent screamed, "when I'm a man, I'll kill you for that."

There is a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite built in his bony heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The Court House was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the Judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until with his lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with a haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence.

The splendor of his genius entranced and convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me?"

"Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago, you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that poor miserable boy." The man turned livid.

## FATE OF THE APOSTLES.—Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired. Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece.

John was put in a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death in Ephesus, in Asia.

James the Great was beheaded in Jerusalem.

James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death.

Phillip was beheaded.

Bartholomew was skinned alive.

Andrew was crucified and pounded while dying.

Thomas was run through with a lance.

Jude was shot to death with arrows.

Simon was crucified.

Matthias was stoned.

Barnabas, stoned to death.

Paul was beheaded by the tyrant Nero, at Rome.

## A MARRIED MAN SENDS THE WRONG LETTER TO HIS WIFE.—We understand that a well known business man of this city, who has a wife and a family, has given rise to a good deal of talk by his attention to a fair and frail damsel. The gentleman is in New York, and wrote an affectionate letter to the object of his guilty passion, urging her to join him, and enclosed fifty dollars to pay her traveling expenses. At the same time he wrote a loving letter to his wife, deploring the urgency of the business which kept him away from the bosom of his family, and bewailing the tediousness and tastelessness of the hours unenlivened by her dear presence. By some odd fatality the letters were mixed, and the wife got the one intended for the mistress. She had scented a rodent for some time, but now there was no room for doubt. Pocketing the fifty dollars as so much good out of evil, she placed the fatal letter in the hands of a lawyer, who will proceed to bring suit for a divorce.—Indianapolis Herald, Jan. 24.

## The Church Intelligencer.

DEVOTED to the interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is published at Charlotte, N. C. Terms of subscription, cash in advance.

For six months, \$2 00  
For one year, 4 00

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—Fifteen cents a line, or for the space of a line, for the first insertion; and ten cents for each subsequent insertion. To yearly advertisers, a liberal deduction on the above will be made.

Subscribers desiring to have their Post-Offices changed, will state both where their papers are now being sent, and where they would have them directed in future.

For one month before each subscription expires, a pencil mark on the margin will remind the subscriber to renew his subscription by an early remittance.

All communications should be addressed, "Church Intelligencer, Charlotte, N. C." oct 24/65

## REVIVED!

## A NEW SERIES OF "THE BAPTIST BANNER,"

WILL BE COMMENCED

ON SATURDAY, THE 9TH INSTANT, AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

By the Former Proprietor.

I AM happy in being able to make the above announcement. The Banner will be published every Saturday.

Subscriptions are respectfully solicited. \$3.00 per annum. Address JAMES N. ELLS, Proprietor.

Each newspaper in Georgia and South Carolina will please copy twice, and send bill to J. N. E. sept 28/65—2

## DAILY CAROLINA TIMES, BY WARING & HERRON. Charlotte, N. C.

## TERMS FOR PAPER:

THE DAILY TIMES will be furnished at \$10.00 per annum, in advance.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TIMES will be published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, and supplied for \$8.00 per annum, payable in advance.

## The Weekly News.

This paper, containing twenty-four columns, a transcript of the "DAILY TIMES," will be published every Tuesday morning and mailed to subscribers at \$4.00 per annum. It will contain all the Political, Commercial, Agricultural, Financial and other important news, and will be specially devoted to the advancement of the interests of our Agricultural and Mechanical or laboring population.

## ADVERTISING TERMS:

For one square, (10 lines or less,) \$1.00 for each insertion. Advertisements not limited, will not be discontinued without a written order, and will be charged at full rates. sept 16/65—

## The Chester Standard, BY GEORGE PITHER, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT CHESTER C. H., S. C.

TERMS: For one month 25 cents, or 75 cents for three months, payable strictly in advance, either in specie or provisions. No subscriptions received on any other terms than the above, nor for a longer or shorter period.

Any person obtaining a club of ten names will receive the paper gratis.

Advertisements inserted at \$1 00 per square (10 lines) for the first insertion, and 75 cents for every additional insertion. oct 24/65

## The Intelligencer, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT ANDERSON C. H., S. C., BY HOYT & HUMPHREYS.

At Three Dollars per annum in United States currency, or Two Dollars a year in specie.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements inserted at the rates of One Dollar per square of twelve lines for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries and Marriage Notices charged for at those rates. oct 24/65

## The Phoenix, PUBLISHED AT COLUMBIA, S. C., BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

THE Daily Phoenix, issued every morning, except Sunday, is filled with the latest news, (by telegraph, mail, etc.) Editorial Correspondence, Miscellany, Poetry and Stories.

This is the only daily paper in the State, outside of the city of Charleston. The Phoenix, for country circulation, is published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and has all the reading matter of interest contained in the daily issues of the week.

Weekly Gleaner, a home companion, as its name indicates, is intended as a family journal and is published every Wednesday. It will contain Eight pages of Family Columns. The cream of the Daily and Tri-Weekly will be found in its columns.

Daily, one year, \$10 00  
Three months, 3 00  
Tri-Weekly, one year, 7 00  
Three months, 2 00  
Weekly, one year, 4 00  
Three months, 1 25

Advertisements inserted in the Daily or Tri-Weekly at \$1 a square for the first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Weekly advertisements \$1 a square every insertion. oct 24/65